```
Them good old days, you ain't care If I'm rich or broke
We can do them movies baby, you coppin' that ticket though
I ain't tryna watch the movie, but I get my dick licked off
Your mom gone pick us up at 6? Nice to meet you Mrs. Rose
Drop me off on the corner, on Southfield and what's Warren
If the street lights ain't on, then I'll check up on Lauren
We on the porch and where she grew up in North and we both had white moms
She left you for some money though, mine loved me though
Uh, fucked the convo up now I'm walking home alone
On my prepaid phone, had us all keep Jo's
With my Brooklyn hoe
Told her "send some pictures, I'll be In Detroit till Christmas
Send me some Nudes" huh, said "I know you miss this", ah
Bitch, bitch
Yeah It's good enough, know you miss me though
I'm only fifteen so yeah
Uh, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Young and fucked up, young and fucked up
Fifteen hustlin' faking sick taking Robitussin
Mobbin' through the hood like all you people owe us somethin'
Frontin' on them moguls Jay Jay on the back
Stuntin' drove fast, crashed, that broke Jay Jay's fucking leg (damn)
W-w-west side, grew there, across the street like who there
Redbone in pajamas I'm like, 'Winnie the Pooh' bear
Approached her like I'm new here
She told me I got good hair
What we did it in the garage that night was too rare
Now I'm too scared, cause her pops find out
Deuce deuce in the bag and he might find out
That I'm young and I'm dumb and I might just show up
But if shit pop off the shit unloaded out, smooth
Huh, fuck you want me to do fresh ones
All T's can afford J's yeah but these fake gold chains gonna break necks
Pockets full of singles and latex, yeah
All rap shit nigga
Gold chain real though man
You gone use this tonight, 14 carat
No monkey chain bruh
Uh, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Young and fucked up, young and fucked up
```